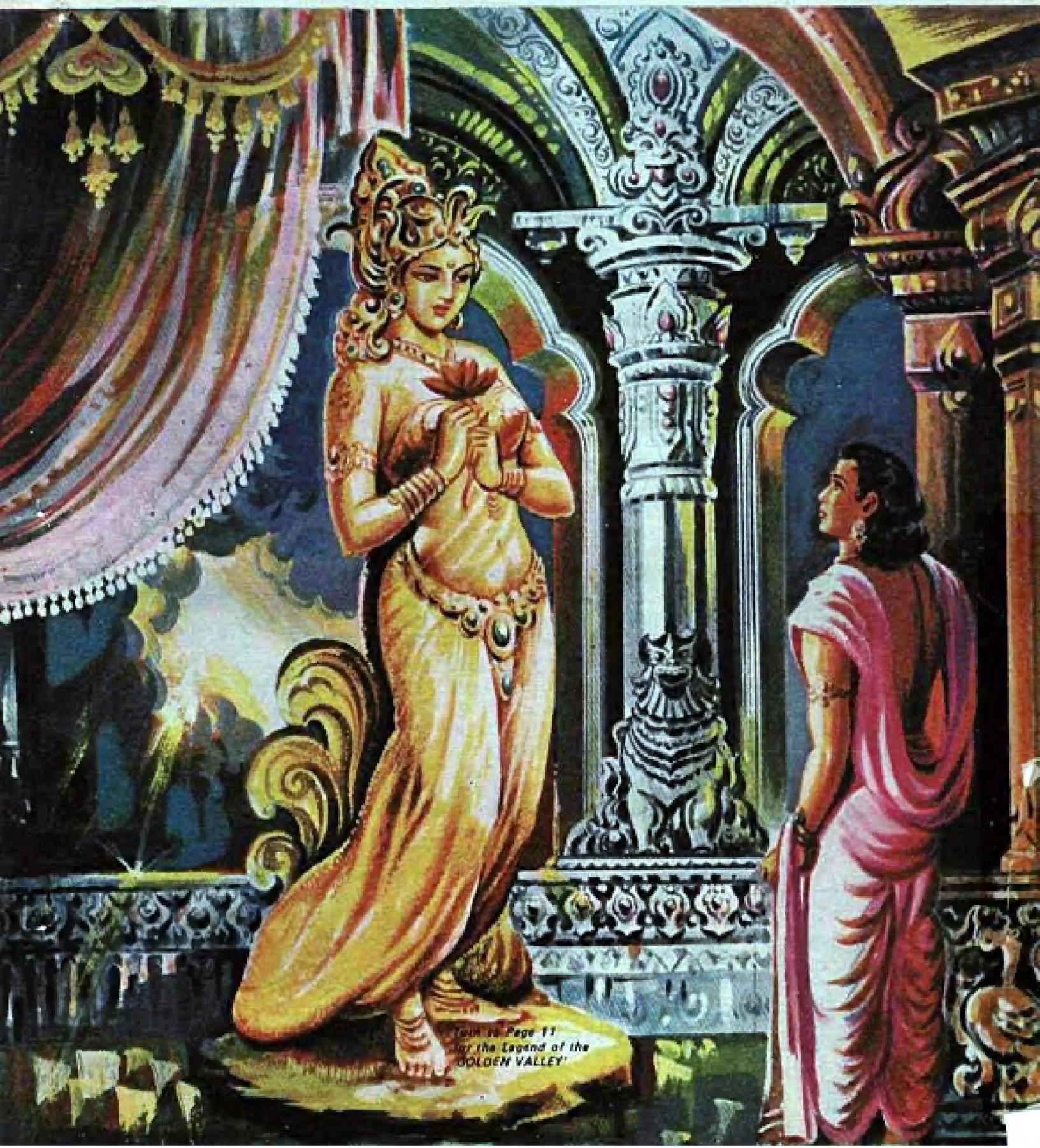


CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1981

Rs. 1.50



Look to Page 11
for the Legend of the
GOLDEN VALLEY

Jeevan and Hanu discuss The safest, surest way



Jeevan, I love travelling with you. And eating the bananas you feed me. And sleeping on your shoulder. What would I do without you?

Well, you could find work with a madari. Dance and do tricks to make a living.

What a horrible thought! Surely there's some other way!

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**Life Insurance
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We love flowers. Small
pink flowers with tiny green
leaves. Cute ar'nt they!

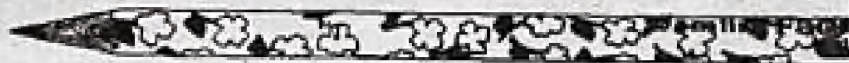
No wonder we love Flora
pencils.

Our mummy you know,
got a box of Flora pencils
for my birthday.

Everybody liked the pencils.
By evening all but one
were missing!

I don't mind it though.
After all they are my friends!

Flora pencils are too cute
to resist.



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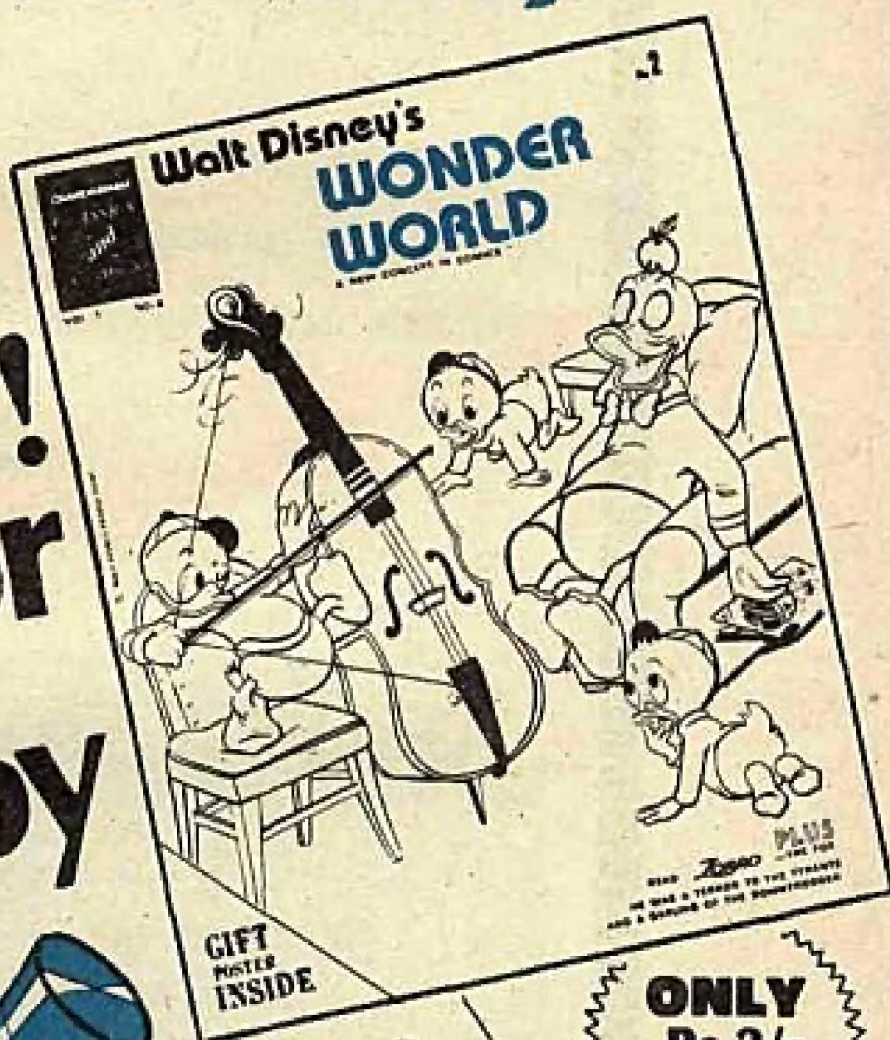
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IN THIS ISSUE

- THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY: Launching a new fairytale novella.....Page 11
- MAN'S GREAT FRIEND IN HEAVEN: Pictorial story of Prometheus.....Page 17
- AN EXCHANGE OF THE BEST: A witty poet encounters the mighty Caliph.....Page 19
- THE NOBLE ELEPHANT: A moving Jataka story about a great white elephant.....Page 21
- ACTION AT VANCOUVER: Remembering a revolutionary who worked and died abroad.....Page 31
- VOYAGE INTO THE UNKNOWN: A little known episode through pictures.....Page 35
- PLUS FOUR COMPLETE STORIES
AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

नाविरतो दुश्चरिताप्राशान्तो नासमाहितः ।

नाशान्तमानसो वापि प्रज्ञानेनैवमाप्नुयात् ॥

Nāvirato duścariṭāpnāśānto nāsamāhitaḥ

Nāśāntamānaso vāpi prajñānenainamāpnuyāt.

One who has not refrained from the evil ways of life, one who has not quietened his mind and calmed his senses, he cannot realise his self merely through pursuit of learning.

—The Katha Upanishad



Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

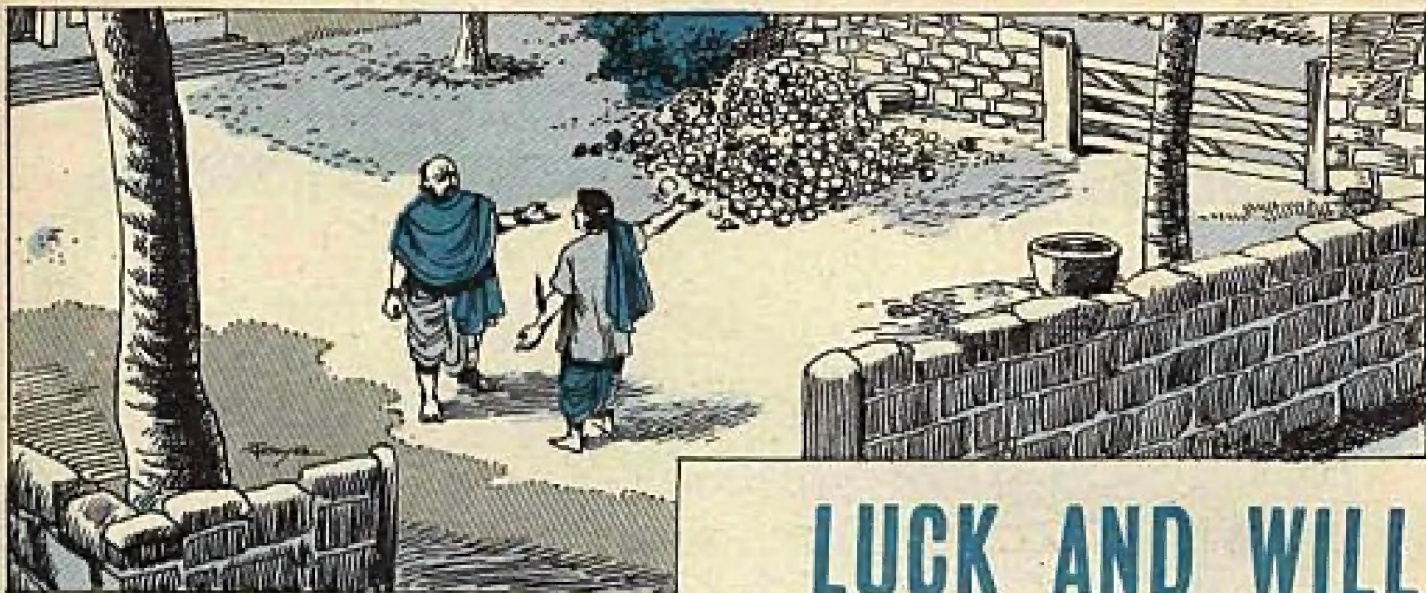
WELCOME TO THE GOLDEN VALLEY

With this issue we begin serialising a new fairytale novella - **The Legend of the Golden Valley**.

The moment we think of the fairytale, we think of days gone by - of some remote ages when dwarfs, demons and supernatural creatures mingled with human beings. But the author of the new novella tells us that the fairytale world is not necessarily a world that is past. It is very much there in our dreams and aspirations. (He even asserts that there are non-physical beings behind the physical world.) He further tells us that just as the sun, the moon, the stars, the old good mountain, the sea, and the forests continue to be meaningful and interesting despite their age, so also the age-old fairytale can still be significant.

So, dear readers, let us go out with him to the **Golden Valley**!

You must have noted that instead of questions and answers ("Let us Know"), the **Chandamama**, from the last issue, is giving you **Newsflash**. There are news and news. Your magazine picks up out of numerous items national and international, from numerous sources popular and rare - only such events that could be specially instructive and interesting to you.



LUCK AND WILL

Swarup of Manihat traded in oil. He bought cart-loads of coconuts and squeezed oil out of them. His business ran well.

He was a kind-hearted man, always eager to help others.

He used the coir of the coconuts as fuel, but so far as the shells of the coconuts were concerned, they were thrown outside his compound. Sometimes children played with them. Monsoon swept them away into the canal.

One day Mahim, a young man from the adjoining village, greeted Swarup and, drawing his attention at the heap of the coconut shells, asked, "Sir, what do you propose to do with them?"

"What can I do with them?" Swarup asked in return.

"Can I have them? I shall pay for them," said Mahim.

Swarup cast a look of surprise at him. A bit embarrassed, Mahim hurried to say, "Of course, you need not spare them if you have any need of them."

"Are you a kid that you intend playing with these useless stuff?" asked Swarup.

"No, sir, I do not propose to play with them, I assure you," said Mahim.

Swarup agreed to Mahim carrying the shells away. As Mahim insisted, he accepted a token price for them.

Once a fortnight Mahim came to collect the shells. The arrangement continued for a full year. Then Mahim stopped coming. Swarup never bothered about it.

One day Swarup was returning from the town. It was late in the afternoon. He happened

to pass by a lush green orchard. Beside the orchard stood a mansion. It was old, but was decently maintained.

"The owner of this orchard and this house knows how to take care of things," he told himself as he stood appreciating them.

"Sir, my master, the landlord, welcomes you," a servant who came running toward Swarup told him.

"The landlord? Well, I don't think he knows me!" wondered Swarup. But soon the young landlord was seen walking briskly towards him. With folded hands he greeted Swarup. Although the young man wore silk and looked dignified, Swarup had no difficulty in recognising him.

"Mahim!" That is all Swarup could mutter.

Mahim led Swarup into his mansion and requested him to spend the night with him. Swarup agreed. Mahim told his story when both sat for dinner:

One day the late landlord's carriage, while passing through Mahim's village, was about to get upturned because one of its wheels ran into a hidden pit. Mahim took hold of the carriage on time to save its rider—Vijay



Rao the landlord—from falling off. The landlord was immensely pleased with him and invited him to his mansion. Mahim's forefathers too were landlords and distantly related to Vijay Rao's family.

Vijay Rao realised that Mahim's family had grown poor. He proposed to help the young man. "Your goodwill is enough for me, sir, I wish to prosper entirely with my own initiative," said Mahim.

"Initiative ought to be yours. But you will be needing some capital to start any trade!" said the landlord.

"If I am sincere, I can make



something out of nothing—I mean some fortune out of things cast away by others as useless,” said Mahim.

“Young man, if you mean what you say, I ask you to prove it. Should you be able to prove it in a year or so, I shall give my daughter, my only child, in marriage to you,” was the landlord’s challenge and promise.

Mahim hired a small room in the town and began exhibiting

fancy goods he made out of the coconut shells—toys, cups, masks, ladles etc. He did well. The landlord, upon a visit to the town, was impressed with his achievement. Mahim married his daughter and, after his death, inherited his estates.

Swarup heard Mahim with amazement and joy. “Luck and will played equally important roles in your life, Mahim! God bless you,” he said.



There once were two cats of Kilkenny;
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they scratched and they fit
And they tore and they bit,
Till, instead of two cats, there wasn't any.



THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY

Prof. Manoj Das

Long long ago there was a kingdom called the Golden Valley, surrounded by ever-green forests. The forests stood on hills. And there were several ranges of hills. The second range was higher than the first range that ringed the kingdom and the third range was higher than the second, so that the forests on the far horizon looked like nestling in the clouds.

Clouds, of course, loved the region. They came rolling down the tiers of forests, and the peacocks were never tired of dancing at their sight. It rained in rhythms. Hundreds of brooks gurgled down the rocks. From the hamlets in the plains some of them looked as narrow as ribbons and some as gorgeous

as the lions' manes.

The people worked and were happy. Only some were never happy. They were those who always looked for happiness. They tried a hundred ways to enjoy life. But a look at their faces would tell that they were angry, proud, disappointed—anything but happy.

They were the king and his courtiers.

The king had appointed a committee called the Circle of the Wisest. Its function was to look into the welfare of the kingdom. In its first sitting the committee adopted a resolution, unanimously, saying that the king's welfare was the kingdom's welfare. The king was impressed with the unity and the



wisdom of the members.

In its second sitting the committee resolved, unanimously again, that the king lacked nothing but amusement. The committee should therefore find ever new means to keep the king amused. One of the committee's suggestions which had been carried out lately was to make the court-singers stand on their heads and sing!

No doubt, the king enjoyed their songs, for he burst his spleen, laughing.

The people of the Golden Valley were a quiet lot. They often looked at the hill behind the king's castle and sighed. It

was from that hill that the kingdom derived its name. Legend said that the hill had, deep under it, a mine of splendid gold. In fact, once upon a time the valley had a charming young prince for its ruler. He was an artist and a sculptor and he lived almost like an ascetic. Through his meditations he had come to know how to find the gold. To begin with, he had brought out some of it with which he made a beautiful image. A few who had seen it said that it was the image of a young woman. They asserted that one cannot imagine how beautiful a figure could be until one saw it.

The sculptor-prince announced that he had completed his work and that he looked forward to an auspicious day when he would let the statue be seen by all. But a sinister conspiracy put an end to those dreamy days in the life of the valley. The minister, greedy of the gold as well as the throne, conspired with the neighbouring king and raided the castle that was situated at the middle of the hill.

It was a dark night. The castle-guards resisted the gang of raiders. A pitched battle broke out.

Something strange happened.

An earthquake took all by surprise. Gigantic boulders rolled down and smashed much of the castle. Many were buried. Some escaped narrowly.

The villainous minister, along with his hired gang, was found dead. But nobody saw the young king and the golden image he had made. It was believed that the image had been sealed by the dislodged rocks and the prince had fled. For years thereafter men who happened to go deep into the forest saw a hermit who looked like their prince. But nobody ever got a chance to talk to him.

Others believed that he had slipped beyond the mysterious

waterfall that was behind the castle. Beyond the waterfall was a gorge. The gorge was believed to have opened into a land and the land into the sea, miles away. People only talked of the gorge and the land. Nobody saw them. It was said that one who entered the gorge never came out.

The Golden Valley passed on to the hands of the king who had patronised the minister. The lovely valley and the hope of striking gold enticed the king to come over there, leaving his own land to his brother. Thus began a new dynasty. Once it was love that kept the king and his subjects bound together.





Now the relation between the king and the people was that of the tyrant and the timid.

The new dynasty built its castle at the foot of a hill, away from the old one. Ages passed.

Forest covered the ruins of the old castle that once stood midway up or down the hill, magnificently overlooking the valley. A legend said that a day will come when the hidden image of gold will suddenly be revealed. What is more, it would come to life! Then perhaps a new era would dawn in the life of the kingdom.

Never did anybody talk about the legend lightly. In it they

had developed a sacred faith.

The people were afraid of going near the ruins. The region was reputed to be haunted by weird beings. Besides, the ruins were infested with serpents. Tigers and leopards too were on the prowl around it.

But it was different with Raju. He felt an irresistible fascination for the ruins. He spent hours roaming the area. There had been times when a tiger just missed him because he slid into a cave or a snake struck its fang on the stone instead of his foot because he proved swifter than it. But nothing could scare him.

Raju had lost his mother. His father, a gifted craftsman, was too busy with his work to mind the son.

It was an eerie afternoon. The sky in the west looked too red and sad. It appeared as if the last whizz of breeze had been sucked out of the valley. The people felt very uneasy. They knew that something was amiss with nature.

Suddenly a thousand creatures of the forest began making noises. Elephants trumpeted, hounds bayed, hyenas screamed, monkeys chattered, tigers roared and wolves howled. Rapid

gusts of wind, like battalions of ferocious invaders, broke in from the hills.

People in the fields or on the roads ran helter skelter. Soon an ear-splitting sound rocked the valley. A number of things happened at the same time. Rocks carrying much of the ruins of the ancient castle came crashing down to the foot of the hill. Hit by one of them, the cupola of the present king's castle tumbled down. All the people felt a reeling in their heads and many swooned away.

There had been an earthquake.

Soon the wind subsided and the red sky became dusky blue.

Evening set in. The dazed people began clustering here and there, taking stock of their losses.

The king summoned the Circle of the Wisest. "If the cupola fell off, the heads of those who made it must fall off," he howled out his decision.

"Your Awful Majesty, those who built the palace belonged to a bygone generation," said the minister apologetically.

"So what? Who'd pay for the debt incurred by a man? Is it not his heir?" asked the king. "I'm no fool!" he reminded those around.

"You are wiser than we the



wisest, my lord!" commented the minister.

It so happened that Raju's great-grandfather had been the chief architect of the new castle. So, Raju's father was arrested and brought before the king.

"Off with his head!" ordered the king.

"My lord, the fellow's head is so small that it would be ridiculous to claim it for the grand cupola we have lost," said one of the courtiers. He had reasons to be kind to the innocent man.

"What's your suggestion?"

"A thousand years of imprisonment."

"A thousand years! Sounds grand!" exclaimed the king.

Raju's father was thrown into prison. Raju was upset. He had nobody else in the world. He wanted to scream out his

protest before the castle. But he was dissuaded by his well-wishers. "If you do that, you too would be thrown into gaol. Let's wait for some time. We'll try to get your father freed."

But Raju's father died in prison only after a year.

"He meant to escape nine hundred and ninety-nine years of imprisonment, didn't he?" the king asked with anguish.

"My lord, I have a suggestion. If a son inherits a father's property, why should he not inherit the father's jail term?" It was the minister.

"Bravo, my minister! Take hold of the dead prisoner's son."

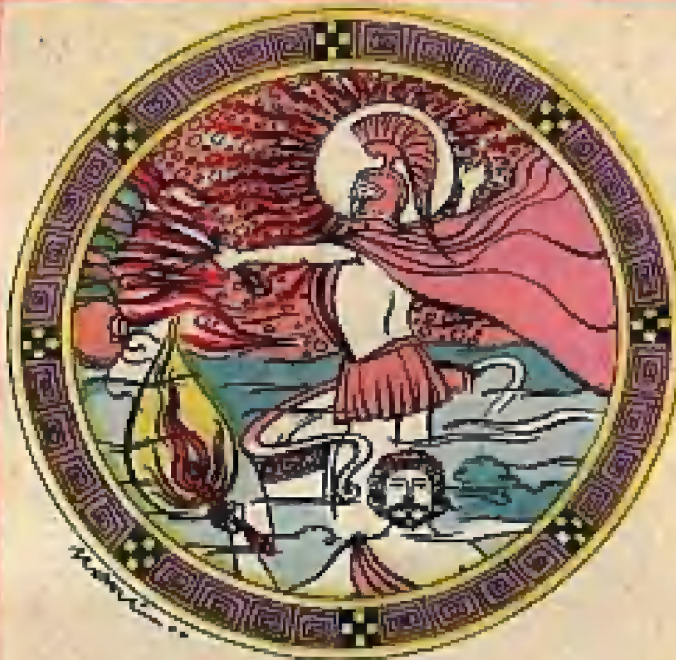
But the news of the king's order reached Raju before the sepoys could reach him. Raju slipped into the forest.

(to continue)



MAN'S GREAT FRIEND IN HEAVEN

Prometheus was a Titan god who loved mankind very much. Once, defying Jupiter, the father of gods, he stole fire from the chariot of the sun.



Prometheus handed over the fire to men and taught them its use. This changed the quality of human life.



He also taught men the value of different plants and how to nurture them. Further, he showed how to tame the horses.



Jupiter was furious with Prometheus for the latter's favour towards men. He created a beautiful woman and gave her a box and sent her to Prometheus.





But Prometheus was wise enough to refuse to entertain the woman, Pandora, who met him with her box.



But Prometheus' brother Epimetheus married the woman and opened the box. Out of it sprang all the evils that torture men. However, the last was hope—that sustains men.

Jupiter had Prometheus tied to a rock. Day after day an eagle came and devoured his liver which grew whole at night.



Years later Hercules, the great hero, slayed the eagle and freed Prometheus. (Prometheus means Forethought; Epimetheus, Afterthought).





The Arabian Nights

An exchange of the best

Caliph Harun Al-Rashid had a gifted poet in his court. His name was Abu Nowas.

Abu Nowas was a jolly man. He was always looking for pleasure. One night he was eating and drinking in his garden house. Two courtesans were dancing before him.

The Caliph was in the habit of roaming about at night. He suddenly entered Abu's garden, wishing to give the poet a surprise.

But partly because Abu was drunk and partly because he was audacious, he did not show any surprise. He even did not

get up from his velvet cushion. He just nodded at the royal visitor.

Abu's conduct annoyed the Caliph. "Abu Nowas!" he cried out, "You cease to be my court-poet. From this moment you are the judge of all the thieves, vagabonds and fools."

"Very good," said Abu. "Now, I am ready to try your case. What is your complaint? To which of the three categories do you belong?"

The Caliph felt greatly offended. He left the place immediately.

Next day Abu presented himself, as usual, in the court and recited an excellent verse singing the glory of the Caliph. Every courtier praised the verse, but the Caliph was still sulking under his insult. Far from showing any sign of pleasure, he

at once ordered his guards to strip the poet of his courtier's clothes and dress him like a buffoon. He further ordered them to drag him through the city streets so that all would laugh at him. Thereafter he was to be beheaded.

The guards dragged Abu out. After a while they brought him into the court to show his changed appearance to the Caliph. Abu was wearing an ass's skin. On his head was placed an ass's head, as a crown. He had been provided with a tail too. But what was surprising, Abu did not look un-

happy at all!

The Caliph was amused. "Look here, you audacious fellow, now that you shall be dragged through the streets, people would ask what has befallen you. What would be your answer?" asked the Caliph.

"O Commander of the Faithful! I shall say that I gave my master, the great Caliph, the best of my verses; he, in return, has given me the best of his clothes!" answered Abu.

The poet's wit impressed the Caliph so much that he restored him to his position and bestowed upon him a handsome reward.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

The Noble Elephant

Long long ago, there was a forest a little away from the city of Varanasi. A community of carpenters lived in the forest. They cut down trees and made furniture and other things out of the wood.

One day an elephant trod on a sharp wood splinter. It got stuck to his foot. The elephant was in pain. Limping, he approached the carpenters and lay down, showing his swollen foot.

With great care the carpenters removed the splinter from the elephant's foot. Then they washed the wound in warm water and bandaged it. They also brought food and drink to the elephant.

In a few days the elephant's wound was healed. But he did not go away. He served the carpenters by uprooting trees for them or carrying logs to the place where they chiselled them. The carpenters fed the elephant with great affection.

Years passed. The elephant grew old. He had a young son, a white baby-elephant. One day he brought the baby-elephant before the carpenters. Then, with tears in his eyes, he left for a deeper part of the forest. He knew that it was time for him to lie down in solitude, waiting for death.

The carpenters poured their love on the baby-elephant. He



served them as efficiently as his father used to do. The children of the carpenters played with him on land as well as in the river, while bathing.

One day the King of Varanasi heard about the white elephant. He rode into the forest in the company of his ministers and bodyguards. The carpenters gathered to greet him.

"O noble lord, why did you come all the way here? You could have summoned us if any service was required of us," said the carpenters, bowing to the king.

"My friends, I have come to beg of you your elephant," said

the king, pointing at the white elephant that stood nearby.

"You can have him, O King," said the carpenters.

The king himself went to the elephant and patted him. But when the king's bodyguards tried to lead him away, he refused to budge.

Those among the carpenters who had developed a deep knowledge of the elephant's mind, explained to the king that he would not leave them unless the king had paid them some compensation.

The king happily paid each carpenter a thousand coins and distributed clothes among their women. The white elephant then cast a sad and kind look at the carpenters and followed the king's party.

The king was much enamoured of his white elephant. He treated the charming animal like his dearest friend and looked to his comfort himself. Everybody in the palace showed respect to the elephant.

The elephant was no longer a baby. He grew into an impressive size, without ceasing to look lovely.

All was well until the king fell ill and suddenly died. The ministers ordered those who

attended on the elephant not to show any sign of grief before him. They knew too well that if the elephant sensed that the king was no more, he would break his heart.

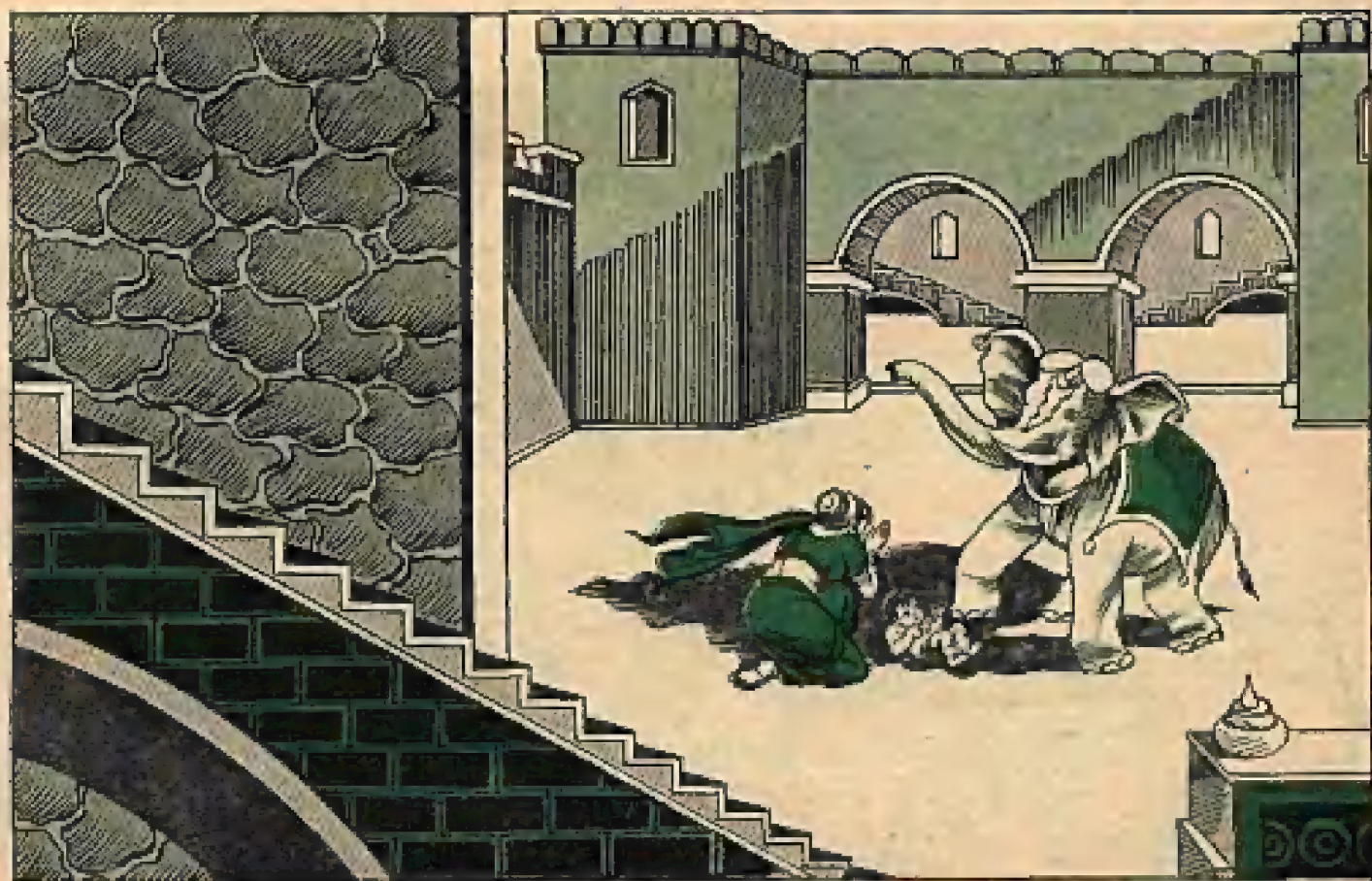
The queen was about to give birth to her first child. It was then that the king of Koshala marched upon Varanasi. He thought it a great opportunity to add Varanasi to his kingdom.

The queen ordered the gates of the fort to be shut. The ministers, from the wall-top, told the invading king, "Our queen is about to give birth to a child. If she gives birth to a daughter, you might take our

kingdom even without a battle. But if she gives birth to a son, fight we must. Are you willing to wait?"

The King of Koshala agreed to wait. In a week's time the queen was delivered of a son. The soldiers of Varanasi then began fighting with the invaders. They fought bravely, but the army of Koshala was large. The fort of Varanasi was on the verge of falling.

The queen, in a sudden inspiration, went to the white elephant, carrying the infant prince in her arms. She laid the child before the elephant and prostrated herself to him and said,



"O noble elephant, O dearest friend of my husband, you were not told that your friend, the king, is no more. Here is his son. The enemy is about to pounce upon us. Protect your friend's son, if you can."

The elephant at first gave out a wail. Then he took the infant prince in his trunk and raising him high, placed him again on the queen's arms.

Next moment, trumpeting loudly, the elephant ran towards the gate. The queen asked her guards to open the gate.

Taking their victory to be certain, the army of Koshala was in a relaxed mood. The elephant rushed into their camp. He looked awful. The king of Koshala was not prepared for such a situation. Before anybody could do anything the elephant caught hold of the

king in his trunk and carried him into the fort.

The invaders were dumbfounded. They were afraid of attacking the elephant lest he should crush their king to death.

As soon as the enemy king was captured, the soldiers of Varanasi attacked the enemy army with redoubled vigour. The invaders, demoralised at their king's fate, took to their heels.

The elephant laid the captive king at the feet of the infant prince. The queen pardoned the prisoner and sent him back to his land after he apologised.

The elephant lived for many more years and saw the prince growing up into a brave young man. It was Bodhisattva who had been born as the prince. In course of time he became a great king.

—From the *Buddha Jatakes*





Travels Through India

THE ISLAND OF MAGNIFICENT CAVES

It was a pleasant morning. Shyam Gupta, Ravi's uncle, drove the two boys down to Apollo Bunder along a lovely promenade. A mild mist hung on the sea. And there were a number of boats and steamers floating on the rather quiet waters.

An impressive archway on the sea caught the attention of the boys.

"This looks so familiar! But I never came to Bombay earlier!" wondered Raman.

"Raman, have you forgotten of your last year's supplementary reader? Did the book not contain a picture of the Gate-

way of India?" asked Ravi.

"Indeed, it did!" exclaimed Raman. "So, here is the famous Gateway! Now I even remember why it was built in 1911!"

"Why? I remember the picture all right, but I don't remember much of the text," said Ravi.

"It was built to welcome King George and Queen Mary of England. Then of course they were the Emperor and the Empress of India," remembered Raman.

"And this massive stone-gate continues to welcome those who come by ship," added Shyam Gupta. "Besides, it is an attraction for all visitors to Bombay."

They spent some time appreciating the Gateway, the en-

chanting view of the harbour overlooking it, as well as the statues of Chhatrapati Shivaji and Swami Vivekananda that were nearby. Slowly the mist gave way to bright sunlight. Shyam Gupta booked three seats in a steamer and they were soon launched in their journey for the isle of Elephanta, nine kilometres away in the sea.

The leisurely voyage lasted about an hour. With brisk steps the uncle led the excited nephews atop a hill marked by a series of caves.

Shyam Gupta who had been there several times, told the boys how the place had a mythical past—that once so many

enlightened sages lived there—and that the caves were carved in the 7th century because the isle had a hoary holy tradition.

Again the boys saw something that appeared familiar to them though they had never seen it. It was the famous *Trimurti*—the three-headed Lord, carved out of a single rock. To gaze at it was a serene experience. Of course, they had seen it in picture.

Besides, there were living sculptures showing mythological episodes—at once daring in concept and brilliant in execution.

They were back at the Gateway by the sunset. The day had been spent delightfully.





The Homely Spirit

Keshav was a lonely man. He had nobody in the world whom he could claim to be his own. But the villagers were kind to him. They found out a charming bride for him.

Sulochana was the name of Keshav's wife. She was the only child of her parents. Pampered throughout, she was not accustomed to work. And she was in love with sleep. When Keshav returned from work at mid-day, he found Sulochana lying asleep, after cooking. He had to sit for lunch alone. After a little rest he went out to the field again, to return at night. By then Sulochana had kept his food ready, but had gone out to the neighbour's house to gossip with other women. Keshav had his food alone again.

This went on for some

months. Keshav used to sigh and tell himself, "I am destined to remain a lonely man all my life!"

One day he received a message from his father-in-law. There was a festival in his village. He wanted both Sulochana and Keshav to visit his house on that occasion.

Sulochana was delighted at the invitation. Both set out on the rather long journey.

The two reached their destination after two days. Leaving Sulochana behind Keshav returned home after a stay of three days.

Work had accumulated. Keshav remained engrossed in his routine. He used to go out to the fields after a light breakfast early in the morning. He carried some food-stuff with him and at noon, sat under a tree in the



fields eating and resting. He returned home only in the evening and cooked for himself.

A fortnight later, one evening, upon reaching his home Keshav was surprised to see Sulochana standing at the door.

"What is this? How are you back so soon?" asked Keshav.

"I could not be at peace there thinking of your inconvenience. A couple was returning from a neighbouring village. I came away with them. There was no difficulty at all," explained Sulochana.

Without wasting a single moment Sulochana began cleaning the house. And then she

took bath and sat down for cooking. Keshav had never had such tasty food as Sulochana offered him that night. In the morning he was surprised to see Sulochana up long before him. She was cooking breakfast for him.

"What a change!" Keshav told himself.

Days passed for him most happily. He did not feel himself a lonely man any longer.

It was a moonlit night. Keshav woke up towards the later part of the night and saw that Sulochana was not in the room. He walked to the window and looked out. A shiver ran through his spine at what he saw. Sulochana stood near the well and waved her hands. The bucket came out of the well of its own and got emptied in the tub. Thereafter Sulochana waved her hand at the broomstick. At once it started wiping the floor of its own. When Keshav understood that Sulochana was coming in, he hopped on to his bed and pretended to be asleep. He decided to visit a exorcist in the morning and got ready accordingly, but he had just gone out to the village street when he saw his father-in-law walking towards him.

"What a pleasant surprise! All is well, I hope?" exclaimed Keshav.

But Sulochana's father did not smile.

"All is not well, my son..." he fumbled and stammered.

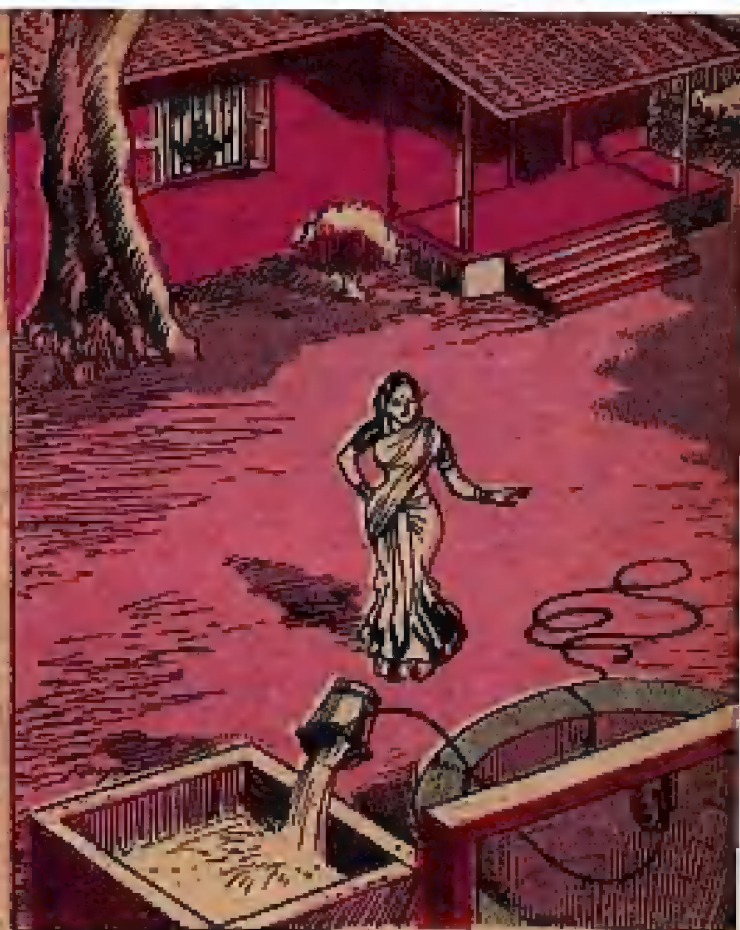
"I see, but come home first," said Keshav.

Keshav felt intrigued. But before he had asked him anything more both had reached his home.

Sulochana opened the door. But as soon as she saw her father, she gave out a loud shriek and collapsed. To Keshav's bewilderment her father also swooned away likewise. The neighbours rushed in. They sprinkled water on both and did their best to revive them.

It was Sulochana's father who came to senses first. He narrated: while Sulochana was with them, he and his wife realised that she was not taking proper care of Keshav. One day they led her to a temple. It was dark when they were returning. Both the parents were passionately persuading her to behave as a dutiful wife should behave. Sulochana was taking the words lightly.

They were crossing a crema-



tion-ground. While they were under a banian tree, suddenly Sulochana shouted, "Father, I shall be most dutiful henceforth!" Her voice sounded quite different. She laughed wildly. Surprised, her father asked her, "What has come upon you, my child?"

"Father, did I not assure you that I will conduct myself better? Indeed, how negligent I had been! Now that I have got a chance to rectify myself, you will see how I shall act!" said Sulochana repeatedly.

Her parents understood that some restless spirit had descended on her. They returned home

pensive. In the morning they found Sulochana missing. They looked for her at every possible place. A piece of her cloth was found on the riverbank. They concluded that the spirit that had possessed her had led her into the river. She was no more.

It was painful to her father to bring the news to Keshav. At last he made bold to pay a visit to him.

"How happy I am, that my daughter is alive! I hope the spirit has left her," said Keshav's father-in-law.

They concentrated on Sulochana. Slowly she opened her eyes and looked at her father.

"Father, where am I? Is this not my husband's house? When did I come here?" She asked in a faint voice.

Keshav and his father-in-law

looked at each other. Sulochana marked them and asked again, "Why don't you speak? Was I sick?" It was clear that the spirit that had possessed Sulochana had left her.

Sulochana's father took leave of them after a stay for a couple of days.

One night Sulochana saw Keshav looking thoughtful.

"It seems you are thinking deeply of someone," observed Sulochana.

"Frankly speaking, I am thinking of that spirit. I can never forget the kindness it showered on me while you were possessed," confessed Keshav.

Sulochana sat silent, her head hung. But she was not the Sulochana of old any more. She proved herself most active and affectionate as if she was trying to outshine the spirit!



ACTION AT VANCOUVER

Indians working in faraway lands heard the call of their motherland. The freedom movement was gathering momentum in India. They thought it their duty to contribute to it in whatever way they could.

The Sikhs living in Canada were particularly active during 1910-13. A spirited patriot, Har Dayal, founded a party called the *Ghadr* (The Rebellion) and published a newspaper with the same name. Indians scattered all over the West were

attracted to this new movement. The *Ghadr* leaders tried to enrol the sympathy of some of the foreign powers who were opposed to the British.

Alarmed, the British appointed one of their ablest police officers, William Hopkinson, to detect the leaders and bring them to book. Hopkinson, with great enthusiasm, began doing everything possible to gather information about the *Ghadr* and to disrupt the party. He appointed an Indian named



Bela Singh to spy upon his countrymen.

Bela Singh proved quite ruthless. He recruited two fellows to assist him. These two proved no less ruthless. Following the clue given by them, the authorities raided many secret meeting-places of the revolutionaries, harassed them and captured them. Bela Singh soon became notorious as an open enemy of the patriots.

The revolutionaries acted promptly. One of Bela Singh's lieutenants was done to death. Nobody knows what happened to the other one. He was just not found. Bela Singh knew the leaders of the revolutionaries

and he took to an audacious path to punish them. He meant to scare all.

It was an auspicious day. A large number of Sikhs had collected in their temple at Vancouver for prayer. Just when they had lowered their heads to pay homage to the *Granth Sahib*, Bela Singh entered the hall and riddled with bullets Bhag Singh and Batan Singh—two respectable members of the community.

Bela Singh was arrested. But he claimed that he had fired in self-defence. What is strange, the Vancouver lower court accepted his plea and set him free. How could one find



danger to his life from a prayful congregation? How is it that he possessed a revolver while the people who are supposed to have endangered his life were unarmed? All such questions remained unanswered, thanks to the brisk arrangements made by the enterprising Hopkinson for Bela Singh's defence.

The case went to a higher court.

But a young man took upon himself the duty of making Bela Singh's boss, Hopkinson, answer for the crime. His name was Sewa Singh.

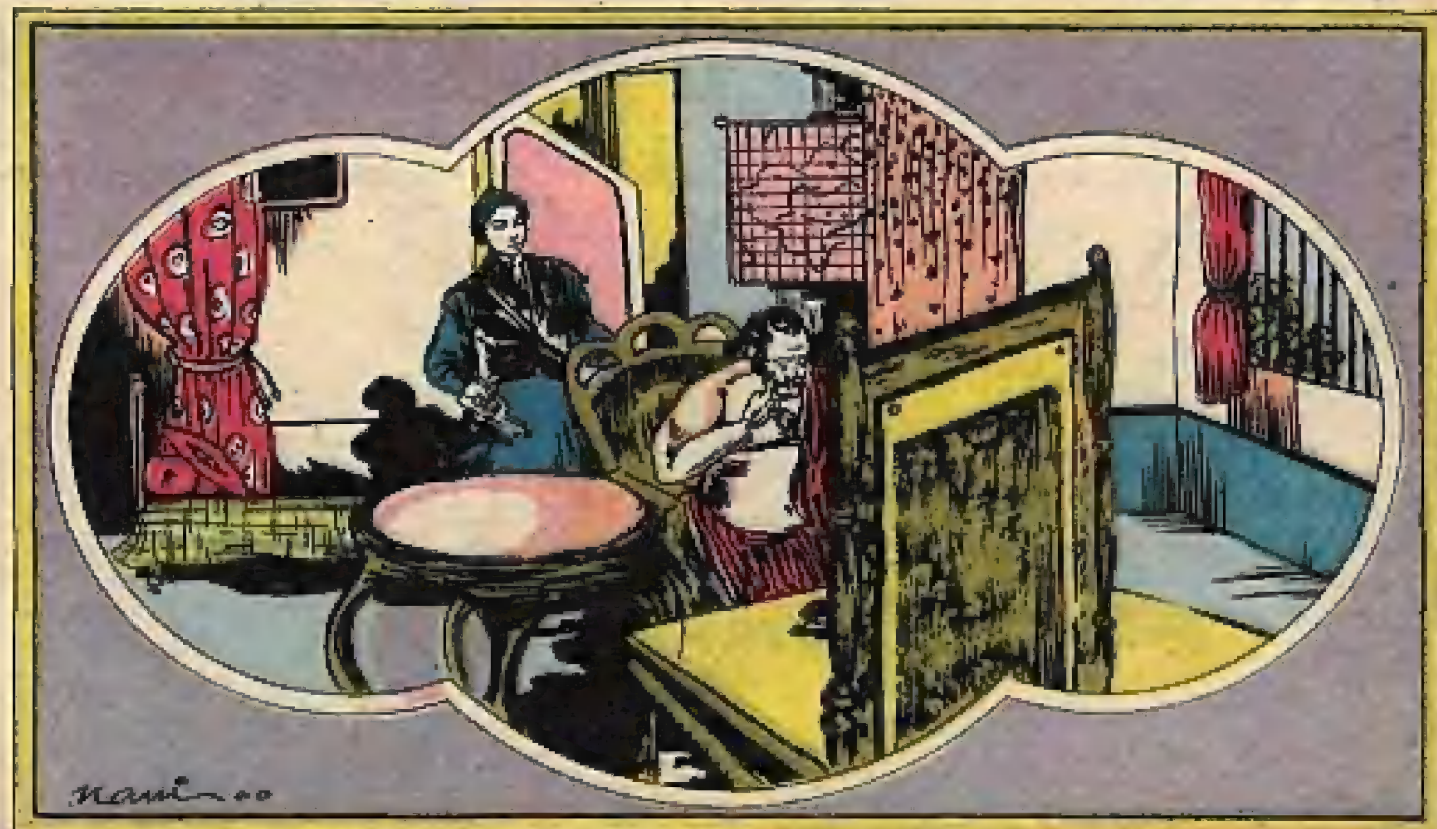
He met Hopkinson secretly and offered his services to him. Sewa was a highly intelligent

youth with a penchant for acting. Hopkinson asked him to spy upon the Indians in the city. The condition agreed upon was, Sewa could meet Hopkinson any time he thought fit.

Oppression on the *Ghadr* members was increasing. One morning Sewa gained his access into Hopkinson's bedroom. Hopkinson was leathering his cheeks for a shave. Sewa quietly took out his revolver.

But Hopkinson caught a glimpse of his would-be assailant in the mirror. At once he slipped to the other side of the large mirror.

Sewa laughed. "Sorry to



scare you, boss," he said. "I came to surrender my revolver to you. It has been lying idle with me for long. I find no occasion to use it. People suspect me when they find this with me." Sewa's acting-talent was at its best!

Hopkinson felt embarrassed. He asked Sewa to retain the weapon.

Little could he imagine that thereby he was giving Sewa only another chance to try it on him.

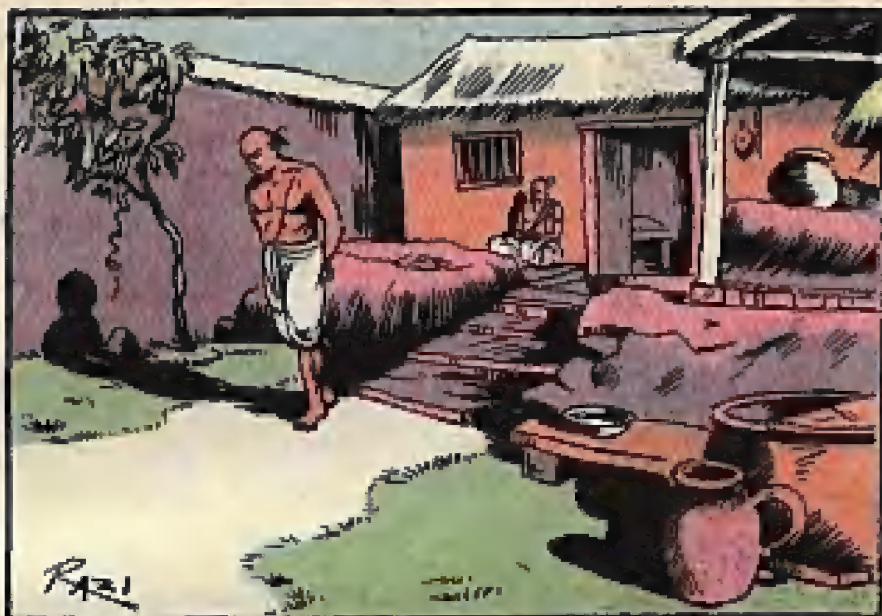
Bela Singh's case was now in the higher court. Hopkinson was looking into Bela's defence himself. He stood in the court, gravely advising Bela's lawyer

on some crucial point when Sewa discharged the bullet that had waited rather long. Hopkinson fell dead.

Sewa, needless to say, was fully aware of the fate awaiting him. The message he sent to his friends through the priest of the local Sikh temple said that he bore no ill-will against anybody. "I, performing the duty of a true Sikh and remembering the name of God, will proceed towards the scaffold with the same amount of pleasure with which the hungry babe goes towards its mother," was his statement.

He was hanged on 11 January 1915.





STORY OF INDIA-50

VOYAGE INTO THE UNKNOWN

There was a young Brahmin who was not interested in learning the priestly duties, the occupation of his father and forefathers. He would slip away while his pious father sat reciting scriptures.

The young man whose name was Kaundinya, would go over to the sea-shore and wonder what was there in the far horizon. He felt a strong urge for adventure—a call towards the unknown.



One night Kaundinya dreamt of a forest. He also saw in his dream—a luminous man looking like a hero of the Mahabharata leaving a big bow in a cave. Kaundinya woke up with a start.



Before the daybreak the young man was in the forest. He looked for the cave and soon found it out. Imagine his thrill when, taking a careful step into the cave, he saw the majestic bow he had dreamt of!

Back in the locality, Kaundinya sprang a surprise before his friends with his bow. The weapon in hand, he felt that he could perform any feat deemed impossible by others.



Kaundinya repaired an abandoned boat and, with a few faithful friends, sailed into the sea, not knowing where he was heading. They let the wind push on their sail. Days passed.

Soon they saw a land overshadowed by palm-trees and a decorated boat sailing close to the sea-shore. Kaundinya took aim at the banner flying on the boat and shot his arrow.

The banner tumbled down.



Kaundinya heard several voices of protest from the decorated boat. A number of young ladies came out of the cabin. One who looked like a princess asked Kaundinya to follow her boat.

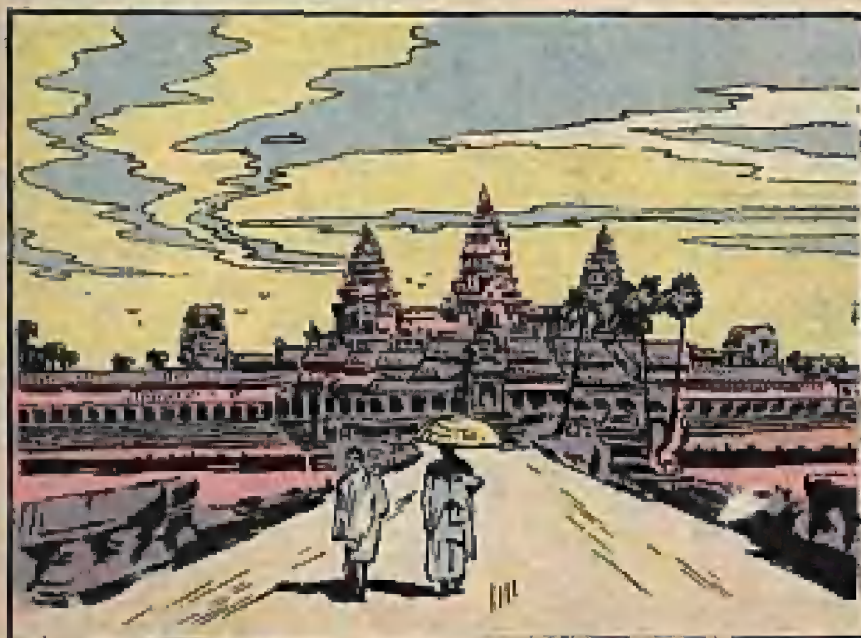
The princess had lost her father and had become the ruler of her land. In Kaundinya she found her eligible match. They married and Kaundinya became the king of her land—Kamboj.





Kamboj, later known as Cambodia and now known as Kampuchea, became a land where the Indian culture flourished rapidly. Brisk trade took place between the Indian cities and those of Kamboj.

The descendants of Kaundinya—as an inscription in Kamboj informs us—became powerful kings known as the Varmanas and they built many temples throughout their prosperous kingdom.



The greatest of such temples was the Angkor Vat, in a city called Yasodharapur, now known as Angkor Thom. This was dedicated to Vishnu. This is a sculptural wonder, with hardly any equal in the world for its size and magnificence.



AN EVENING WITH A CONVICT

Roma was alone at home. It was the early part of the night.

She heard a knock and opened the door. At once a young fellow stepped in and forcibly shut the door and growled in a threatening voice, "If you shriek or shout, I'll throttle you to death."

Roma heard some heavy footsteps on the road outside. Looking through the window she saw some policemen running.

"Don't fear. The policemen have gone in another direction," said Roma, passing a searching look on the intruder.

"How do I care for the police?" asked the man angrily.

"But they care for you. They least like convicts escaping from the prison!" replied Roma.

The man gave a start. He looked at Roma, sternly.

"How did you know that I escaped from the prison?" he demanded, surprised.

"Very easily," said Roma. "You have forgotten that you are wearing the shirt they give to the convicts."

"Oh," hooted the man. "I'll change it for another shirt. You must give me one."

"I can give you one. But before that you need some food, don't you? You look hungry," observed Roma. "I was in the kitchen. If you let me finish cooking, I can give you a good dish."

"You mean to escape!" said the convict, trying to sound clever.

"Why should I escape from my own house? You can sit in the kitchen, right before me, and see me cooking. Come!"

Roma led the way into the



kitchen. The convict followed her and sat down, without taking his eyes off her.

"Be quick!" commanded the convict.

"The dish will be ready in minutes. But why are you in a hurry? Aren't you rather safe here? Once you are out, you have to pass every second in fear and anxiety!" said Roma.

"Why? I'll change the shirt and go away to some far off place, beyond the reach of the police," boasted the man.

Roma laughed. "Just as you did not know that your shirt showed who you are, so also you won't know what else will

betray you. You speak so naively! I'm sure, you are not a die-hard criminal!" observed Roma.

"Why should I be? I had come to the town to look for a job. I did not get any. I had to go hungry. I asked a man who knew me to lend me some money. He refused. I snatched his bag and ran and ran. Had I not stumbled down, the police could not have caught me," said the convict.

"But why did you escape from jail?" asked Roma.

"They made me work hard. I had to clean clothes, dig the field and do so many other things!"

Roma laughed.

"Why do you laugh?"

"You were looking for work. But when you were given work, you escaped! Isn't that funny?" said Roma.

The convict fumbled.

Roma laid out the dish before the convict and asked him to eat heartily.

While eating, the convict once looked at Roma and saw that she was wiping her eyes.

"You are weeping, are you? Why?" asked the convict, surprised.

"You remind me of my bro-

ther," replied Roma in a choked voice.

"Where is he?"

"He is no more. He was a short-tempered boy. Once he beat up a man and was jailed. He too escaped like you. After that he could not be in peace. He was afraid of moving out of our house. If he heard a sound, he started up, thinking that the police might be coming to catch him.

"I advised him time and again to surrender to the authority. That would have freed him from all the tension. But he did not heed me. At last, chased by the police one evening, he jumped from a roof and died," concluded Roma as she wiped her eyes again.

"I see!" muttered the convict.

He quietly finished eating and then stood up.

"Shall I bring a shirt for you now?" asked Roma.

"No!"

"Why?"

"I am going back to the prison. They will enhance my term. But....."

"Even then it will be better than being hunted by the police, I'm sure," said Roma.

"I think so. You have done me good—so good that I do not



know how to thank you," said the convict as he went out.

A little later Roma's father returned home from his office. He was the jail-superintendent.

"Why are you so late, father?"

"I was worrying to death, child! A convict escaped. But God knows what happened to him, he just now returned of his own," said the father.

"Father, your jail is not such a comfortable place that one would love to return there. If one came back, he should be shown mercy and consideration, don't you think so?" asked Roma.



"I think so, child," replied the father.

Roma giggled and said, "I had to invent a brother and also sacrifice him by making him jump from a roof to see that you got back your prisoner!"

"What do you mean?" asked the father.

Roma told him the story of her encounter with the convict.

"How good and beneficent a story-teller you are, my child!" exclaimed the father.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE KING AND THE CONSPIRATORS

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. It rained and the intermittent flashes of lightning revealed weird faces. Howls of jackals were subdued by roars of thunder.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the old tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, you are expected to be well-versed in politics. But, at times, a king's conduct might seem quite illogical. Take the case of Subhendra. Let me tell you his story. Listen with attention. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Subhendra was a youth of the war-



rior caste. His forefathers once ruled a land, but had lived as commoners for a long time.

Subhendra once raised a rebellion against the King of Sompur. Out to punish him, the king got killed. Upon hearing the news of her husband's death, the queen swooned away. She never recovered her senses. She too died.

The royal couple had left behind an infant son. Subhendra ascended the throne, but instead of harming the little prince he nurtured him as if he was his own son.

The child, named Vijay, grew up amidst all the comforts and

care a prince was expected to get.

A year later King Subhendra's queen gave birth to a daughter. People thought that Vijay would now be neglected. But it was not to be so. Vijay and the princess were treated equally, like a pair of brother and sister.

It took Vijay quite some years to know that he was not King Subhendra's son. Even when he was told about the plight of his parents by his friends, he did not seem to be agitated.

Vijay loved the princess as if she was his true younger sister.

The two grew up. The king announced of a *Swayamvara* for



the princess and said that the one to marry her would get half of the kingdom.

The king had lately appointed a young man named Bhupati as his general. Bhupati met Vijay privately and whispered to him, "I am pained at your misfortune!"

"What is my misfortune?" asked the surprised prince.

"What a pity that you don't see it. I thought that the king had kept the whole kingdom in store for you. But he has decided to give away half of it to his would-be son-in-law. Who knows if he won't give away the other half to someone else?"

explained the general.

"What is your advice to me?" asked the prince.

General Bhupati lowered his voice and said, "Some courageous action at this moment would secure the whole kingdom to you. I'm ready to help you."

Vijay thought for a while and then asked, "What if our conspiracy becomes known?"

"We'll flee to the neighbouring Gopalpur. The King of Gopalpur, Manisingh, is a sworn enemy of Subhendra. With his help we can try to dethrone Subhendra," answered the general.





"Very good. We can escape from the palace through a secret tunnel. I know the passage," said Vijay. "Excellent!" exclaimed the general.

In the evening the king was enjoying a stroll in the garden. A pigeon flew down and sat on his shoulder. The king recognised it to be one of those birds trained by his own secret service.

A slip was tied to one of its legs. The king got the message that said: "Danger awaits you tonight. Be on your guard."

The king at once alerted his guards and confidants. At night he feigned to fall asleep, but remained alert. A fellow who en-

tered his bed-chamber was captured. He was to murder the king. He confessed to having been appointed by General Bhupati and Prince Vijay.

The king's bodyguards ran in search of Bhupati and Vijay. But they had made good their escape through the secret tunnel.

The tunnel ended up in a forest, inside a deserted temple. The two emerged there and made a dash for Gopalpur. Little did they know that King Subhendra's spies observed them, though they did not intercept them.

At Gopalpur Bhupati advised Manisingh, the king, to put Vijay under arrest. It was because he did not find Vijay to be of use any longer.

Now that Bhupati had come to know of the secret tunnel, he led a group of fifty soldiers as well as King Manisingh through it. They planned to pop out all on a sudden right inside the Sompur palace and carry on a massacre of the king and his people.

But once inside the tunnel, they found themselves prisoners. Both the ends of the tunnel had been sealed.

The gang suffered badly for lack of food and drink. After

they had been reduced to utter misery, they were allowed to come out, only to be put to death!

The army of Sompur be-seized Gopalpur. King Subhendra made Prince Vijay sit on the throne of Gopalpur. Moreover, after giving away half of the kingdom to his son-in-law, Subhendra gave the other half to Vijay.

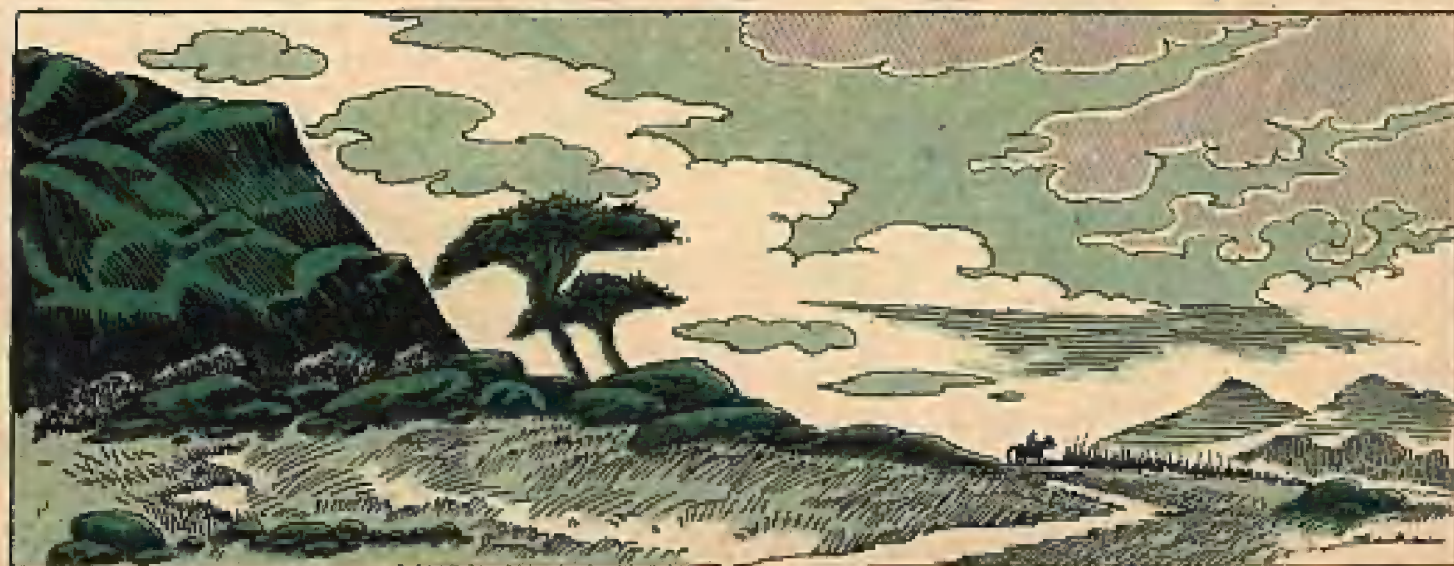
The vampire paused and then asked in a challenging manner: "Isn't King Subhendra's conduct rather queer? How could he reward one conspirator with two kingdoms while putting to death another? Answer me, O King, if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Answered King Vikram forth-with: "King Subhendra's con-

duct is quite consistent with that of a conscientious man. Needless to say, he escaped death because of Vijay. The conspiracy was confined to Vijay and Bhupati. Who could have sent the warning to the king if not Vijay? Had Vijay wished to kill the king, he could have done it without Bhupati's help. Vijay showed the tunnel to Bhupati with the sole motive of tempting him to re-enter it. His plan succeeded.

"King Subhendra bestowed half of Sompur on Vijay because he looked upon Vijay as one of his two heirs. He gave the throne of Gopalpur to Vijay because Vijay saved him and his family."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





STRANGERS IN THE HUMAN WORLD

Once two vampires talked between themselves: "We are bored with our own place. Let us once go to the world of men. It will be fun to scare some of them!"

The two assumed the appearance of farmers. They met a villager and asked, "Have you any work for us?"

"Well, two of my bullocks died recently. Another pair was stolen. Are you willing to plough the land taking the place of the bullocks?" asked the villager.

"How can we do that? Are we not human beings?" asked the vampires, surprised.

"What if you are human beings? At the moment human beings cost less than bullocks. I have already employed two pairs of men for ploughing my land. If you two join, the work

will be soon over," said the villager.

The vampires looked at each other. They agreed to the villager's proposal, for, they wanted to have some experience about the world of men.

But the work soon tired them. The payment they received at the end of a day's labour could not buy them two square meals.

"This fellow must be a naughty one. Let us try some other people," one vampire told the other. The second one agreed.

The two walked into the bazar and met a shop-keeper. "Have you any work for us?" they asked.

The shop-keeper led them into a dusky room and showing them a sackful of seeds, said, "Crush oil out of them."

"Er - er, are these seeds not

poisonous? What use crushing oil out of them?" asked the vampires.

"How do I care to explain my project to you? You are to work for money," said the shop-keeper rudely.

"We hope you won't mix the poisonous oil with edible oil!" said the vampires.

"Impudence! What I will do with them is entirely my business. However, if know you must, I have to mix them with the edible oil! Most of my fellow shop-keepers do so. How can we sell the oil cheap otherwise? But if you say a word about it to anybody, you will be fired,"

said the shop-keeper.

"No, sir, we are not going to work for you," said the vampires.

"Were you kidding me? Surely, your motive was to know my secret. Well, I will not let you go out!" the shop-keeper threatened them.

The vampires gave out a blood-cuddling laugh and disappeared.

They decided to inform the king about the injustice and corruption that are prevailing in his kingdom. They reached the court in the guise of two sepoys. They saw the king rebuking the chief of his police. "What do you mean by saying





that the people are refusing to pay more tax? Can't your sepoys compel them to pay? Punish those people who refuse or resist. I have no more time to waste with you. My pet danseuse is waiting for me," the king told the chief.

The chief looked at the vampires. Taking them to be sepoys, he said, "Did you hear what the king said? Go and inform all the other sepoys!"

The vampires lost no more

time in the world of men. They reached their own place in the twinkling of an eye.

"What made you return so soon?" asked an old vampire.

"We have no place in the world of men. Vampires of some other category have infiltrated into the human society. They are far more cruel and ferocious than us. They have taken control of the world of men," explained the two vampires, feeling quite dejected.



There was a young fellow named Weir
Who hadn't an atom of fear.

He indulged a desire
To touch a live wire.

(Most any last line will do here.)



GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Suta, the sage, went on narrating:

Vyasa was charmed to see his son Sukadev. His friends, the other sages of the forest, were left in no doubt about the fact that the new-born child was a great soul. Several happy signs were evident at the time of Suka's birth.

The Ganga flowed through the forest. The spirit of the river, Mother Ganga herself, nursed the boy. When it was time for the boy to receive education, his father left him with Brihaspati, the teacher of the gods. Years later Sukadev completed his studies to his teacher's great satisfaction and

returned to his father.

"My son, it is time for you to get married. Once I have got your consent, I would go looking for a suitable bride. I hope you will lead the life of an ideal son, an ideal husband, and an ideal father," Vyasa told Sukadev.

"Father, from the very moment I became conscious of my being I have been seeking Truth. I have no desire for founding a family. I have no attraction for worldly life. Hence I pray you to withdraw your proposal concerning my marriage," answered Sukadev.

Vyasa looked grave. He nodded and said, "My son,



don't feel worried on account of difficulties in running a family. It would be my responsibility to run your family. I shall arrange for meeting its needs. Get married as desired by me. I look forward to the pleasure of being blessed with a grandson."

"Father, it is very kind of you to offer to shoulder the burden of my family. You are an ideal father, but I won't be able to prove myself equally ideal. The simple reason is, I have no desire to remain in a family and suffer the pains and pangs which I know others suffer. No doubt, a family is a source of

happiness, but that is for those who can derive pleasure out of it. I cannot. From the very beginning it will be a shackle round my feet. Total freedom is necessary for any great quest," explained Sukadev.

"My son, your ideas about life in a family are not correct. One can lead a truthful life remaining in the family. The great seers of the past have divided our life into phases. After you have experienced your life in the family, you can, at a later stage, renounce it and retire into the jungle for meditation. Don't look down upon family-life. Don't forget that as great a sage as Vashistha too had a family," argued Vyasa.

But Sukadev did not seem to be influenced. He said, "What you say is of great worth—but for others, not for me. I do not know about Vashistha, the great sage. But I know the lives of the gods and even of Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwara. Each of them had a myriad of troubles, thanks to their family ties. In any case, my nature is different. I ought to remain sincere and truthful to my nature."

Vyasa fell silent. He realised that there is no point in

persuading Sukadev to marry. He sighed and smiled and said, "Very well, my son, let your wish be done. Remain a celibate. If it is the light of wisdom you are seeking, I shall do my best to help you."

Vyasa said further, "Infinite are the power, the compassion and the Grace of the Divine Mother. As you already know, once while Vishnu reduced himself to the form of an infant and relaxed on a banian leaf that floated on the sea, by and by he forgot his origin and grew bewildered. Before him appeared the Divine Mother. Vishnu could not recognise Her. The Divine Mother smiled sweetly and said, "Immersed in the universal nature, you too have forgotten yourself for a moment. The Universal illusion has partly conquered even you. But this is in accordance with the Divine scheme. A lotus would spring from your navel. From the lotus would emerge Brahma. He would be the creator of a material Universe. Thereafter would appear Rudra. It will be for you to sustain the creation. Rudra would wield the power for destruction. I shall remain secret in your heart and,

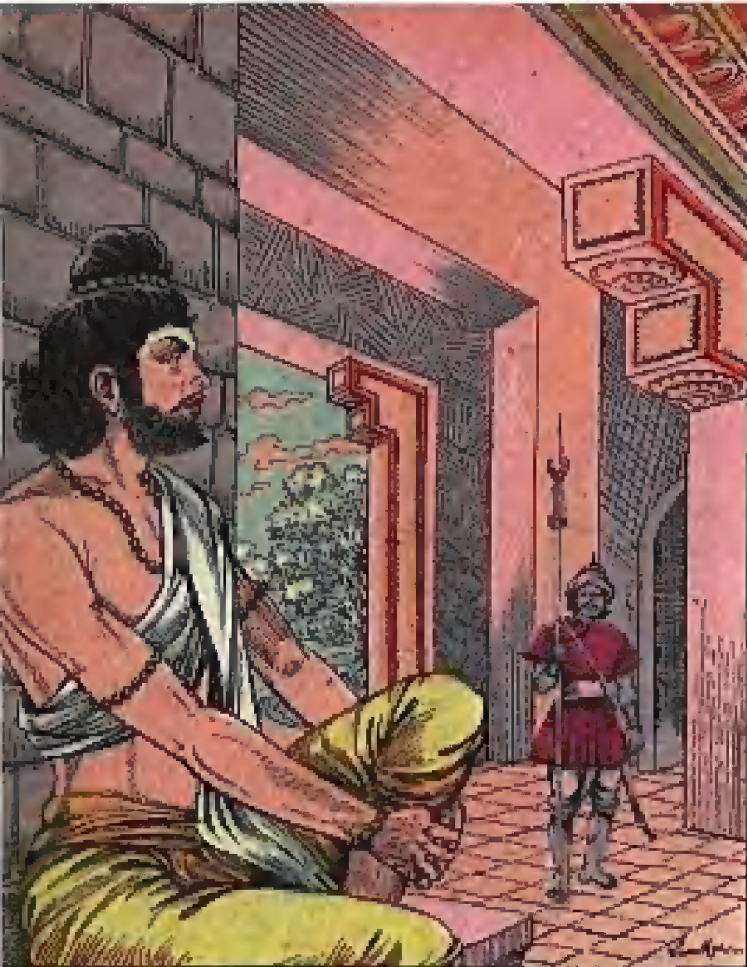


with my power, help you in your function."

Said Vishnu, "I faintly remember a few words—half of a hymn—that I heard a little while ago. Who had uttered it?" asked Vishnu.

"I had uttered it before I manifested in this form. Now I utter the other half of the hymn. Thereby I establish a link between the manifest and the unmanifest," said the Divine Mother.

Thereafter she taught the full hymn to Vishnu. It is by the power of this hymn that Vishnu killed Madhu and Kaitav, the demons. From him Brahma



learned the hymn. Later Brahma passed on the hymn to Narada. Narada taught it to Vyasa.

Now Vyasa passed on the hymn to Sukadev. By reciting the hymn, Sukadev mastered new branches of wisdom.

One day Vyasa saw Sukadev engrossed in deep thought. "My son," said Vyasa, "I am happy that you have gathered much wisdom. But know this, my boy, that wisdom is not to be found only in the scriptures. The world, the society, and the family can also be fields for gathering knowledge and making true progress in life. Take

the case of King Janaka. He is busy looking after his kingdom. Yet there are very few among the sages whose consciousnesses can be compared to his."

"How can a king pursue true knowledge? As a ruler he has to often make compromises with falsehood, he has to pamper and patronise the unworthy and ignore the worthy. While he metes out judgements, he cannot be totally immuned to injustice. How can such a man be compared to sages?" asked Sukadev with some agitation.

"Well, I have no objection to your paying a visit to King Janaka if you promise to return soon," said Vyasa.

"Let it be so," said Sukadev and he set out on a journey for Mithila. For days together he travelled, taking rest in the ashrams of various rishis. At last, one morning, he stood outside the great wall encircling the city of Mithila.

He was tired. He kept sitting leaning against the wall. After some time a royal guard found him out and demanded to know what his mission was. Sukadev kept quiet. The guard told him rather rudely, "Speak out, unless you are really dumb.

Do you wish to enter the city? If so, what is your aim? What do you want?"

"I have travelled a long way to be here. Our ashram is situated beyond the first range of the Himalayan hills. People undertake travel either for profit or for pleasure or for fame. I have no inclination to gain any of these. All I want is to meet King Janaka. If you ask me to go back, I shall do so, taking my trouble to be the consequence of my Karma," said Sukadev.

The guard realised that the visitor was a sage. "Pardon my audacity, O sage, I welcome you into our city."

"You have not been audacious at all. You have done only your duty," said Sukadev and he followed the guard.

Before long he was found out by one of the ministers of the king. The minister was a man of insight. He talked to Sukadev and was deeply impressed by the young sage. He arranged for the guest to reside in one of the guest-houses attached to the palace. He put a number of maids at the guest's service.

Sukadev was provided with all sorts of comforts. The



maids sang to him and danced before him. But he was silent most of the time—engrossed in meditation.

In due course King Janaka, accompanied by the royal priest, came to meet Sukadev. He bestowed on the sage several gifts including a charming cow. Then he asked him what was the cause of his visit.

"O King, I have heard from my father that you are a highly enlightened soul. I am a bit intrigued. How can one achieve enlightenment while remaining attached to the world? Moreover, you being a king, where is your opportunity for pursuing





deep knowledge? Will you please resolve my doubt?"

Said Janaka, "O young sage, there is nothing intriguing in the situation. Enlightenment is a state of consciousness. Whatever be the outward situation, one can dwell within oneself in peace and poise. It is not easy, but it is possible," said Janaka.

"Do you mean to say that the world gives a greater opportunity for enlightenment?" Asked the Sukadev.

"In a sense, yes. Even if a seeker wants the truth, he cannot get rid of his emotions and passions. That is why it is better to satisfy them before

taking to the path of asceticism. Of course, while remaining in the world one must exercise his emotions and passions with restraint and prudence. Only then, when one embraces asceticism, one can win a victory over them without much difficulty. The truth is, any situation can help one towards true liberation or enlightenment. All depends on one's goal in life and one's sincerity in pursuing the goal. I am a king. But I have no attachment to my power or wealth. Even if everything is lost I shall remain as calm as ever," explained King Janaka.

(To continue)

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MAN-MADE MARVELS

THE TOWER THAT DID NOT FALL

A temporary tower that became a permanent attraction

The letter that appeared in a leading French newspaper on 14th February, 1887, caused a sensation in Paris. Signed by distinguished authors, architects and musicians, it called upon all lovers of beauty to protest against the erection of a certain tower. The building would be useless and monstrous, they wrote, and its silhouette would be an eyesore upon the city's skyline.

The tower in question was the brainchild of a brilliant engineer named Gustave Eiffel, and it was designed to be the centrepiece of the Paris International Exhibition in 1889. Three hundred metres high and made entirely of steel, it would be unlike anything else in the world, a staggering construction

that would pinpoint the centre of Paris for miles around.

It would be hard to think of a more suitable place than Paris for an exhibition of this kind at the end of the 19th century. London might be the centre of the British Empire, and New York the fastest growing and most dynamic city on Earth, but as a centre of culture, ideas and sheer enjoyment of life, neither could compare with the capital of France. Artists and writers from all over the world felt that their education was not complete until they had spent some time in the city on the Seine.

Now, many people asked what would happen to nearby buildings if the tower should be blown down by the high wind!

The Great Bridge-BUILDER

In his time, Eiffel was the finest builder of bridges in France, if not the world.

Between 1857 and 1880, he had built a 730-metre-long viaduct in Portugal, while at Garabit in central France, he had constructed a revolutionary bridge over the deep gorges of the Truyere river, with arches that were 170 metres wide.

It was Eiffel who had designed the vast roof over the main

station at Budapest and the great bridge at Saigon.

And if anyone needed proof that he could build other things beside bridges, Eiffel had constructed buildings for two previous Paris exhibitions, and even made the metal structure for the famous Statue of Liberty.

It was soon apparent that the people who wanted the new tower outnumbered those who had objection to it, and so on 28th January, 1887, a crew of engineers and skilled workmen from the Eiffel workshops began



digging the foundations close by the River Seine. These were 103 metres square and very solid, for Eiffel had estimated that his finished tower would weigh well over 7,000 tonnes.

A Great Success

When it was completed in 1889, it was seen less as a fine piece of imaginative engineering than as the supreme tourist attraction of the exhibition. Apart from dominating Paris and being decorated with the newly-invented electric light, Gustave Eiffel's tower did not actually do anything, but visitors queued happily for a chance to tramp up the 750 steps that led to platforms from which one could view the city. During the exhibition 3,512,000 visitors made the trip, including such divers and impressive personages as the Prince of Wales, Thomas Edison, Buffalo Bill and eight African kings.

The tower was such a success in the exhibition that it was decided to let it remain standing.

Today, the Eiffel Tower is 90 years old and, despite the gloomy predictions of its early critics, still shows no signs of falling down. It now boasts a radio station, a 16-metre-high TV aerial, a lift and a restaurant, but otherwise it has changed very little.

It seems to have had an attraction for eccentric characters, such as the man who planned to drop people from its summit in a four-tonne projectile in order to give them an "emotional descent", and the unhappy "bird-man" who flapped confidently off the top observation platform, only to fall like a stone. The Eiffel Tower has also been a great favourite of confidence tricksters, the most skilful of whom succeeded in "selling" the structure twice in the course of a single afternoon!

A book, tight shut, is but a block of paper.

— *Chinese Proverb.*

He who knows how to flatter also knows how to slander.

— *Napoleon.*

Mistakes are to life what shadows are to light.

— *Ernst Junger.*

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NEWS

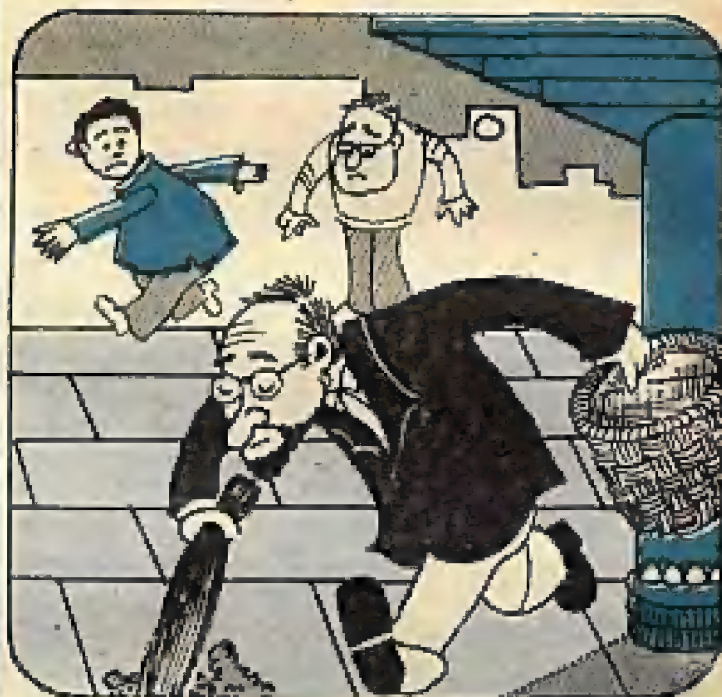
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Message of the Season

"There are two kinds of people—Those who do good things and others who take credit for this. Always try to be in the first category because there is far less competition there," said Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister, addressing a gathering of school students. She had received this advice from her grandfather.



Example of the Season

Students residing in the hostel of Mahatma Phule Krishi Vidyapeeth, an agricultural university at Pune, complained to their Vice-Chancellor that the hostel campus and the toilets were not properly cleaned by the servants. Early in the morning the Vice-Chancellor Mr. S. K. Salunkhe, was seen with a broom in one hand and a dust-bin in the other, cleaning the campus and the toilets. Members of the staff who saw him in action joined him. In no time the campus and the toilets wore a bright look.

THE GREAT LAW-GIVER AND HIS END

In the 7th century B.C. Athens was given a systematic code of laws. That was authored by Draco, one of the six chief magistrates of the city-state. Draco's code was the first of its kind to be introduced anywhere in the Western world.

According to Draco's code even idleness was punishable with death! Because of the severity of his laws it was said that they were written in letters of blood. To this day Draconian law means extremely severe or inhuman law.

It was curious that despite introducing such laws Draco was much respected. It was perhaps because the end he intended to achieve was appreciated, whatever be the means he advocated.

But his own end came rather in an unexpected way. Once when he appeared on a platform to receive a public ovation, the people, according to the custom of the age, threw garments upon him. He was buried under this respectful shower and was suffocated to death.

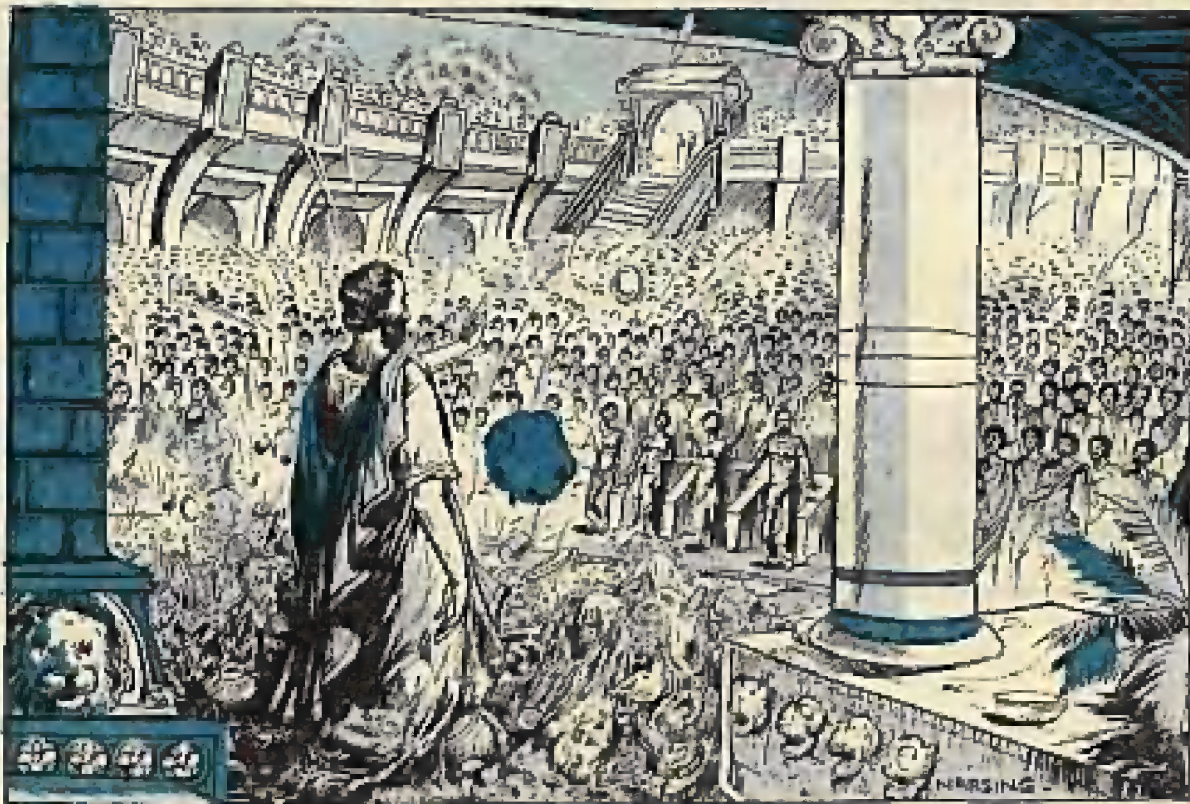


PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. A. L. Syed

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the December '80 goes to:

Mr. Raaj Gopal, Indian Oil Corporation Limited,
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The winning Entry – 'To Charm The Heart' – 'Warm the Hearh'

**PICKS FROM
THE WISE**

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

—Jonathan Swift

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join.
To err is human, to forgive divine.

—Alexander Pope

Some people see angels where others see only empty space.

—John Ruskin

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Agents wanted in unrepresented areas.

Illustrated catalogue of gold covering jewelry from Meri Gold Covering Works. The page displays various items including bangles, rings, earrings, necklaces, and a crown, each with a number and price. The prices are listed in Rupees and Paise (Rs. and P.).

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RAM & SHYAM

GO 'TROUBLE SHOOTING'.

RAM, THIS JOURNEY SEEMS VERY LONG!

YES... AND I HAVE RUN OUT OF SONGS.



HEY LOOK! I'VE A FEELING SOMETHING NASTY'S HAPPENING... THERE'S A DARK DIRTY VILLAIN SELLING POPPINS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.



YES! THE POPPINS HE'S SELLING ARE CHEAP IMITATIONS... BAD FOR HEALTH AND BAD FOR DIGESTION!



AH SHYAM, GO TELL THE KIDS ABOUT THIS MAN'S WRONG DEEDS...



WHILE I TAKE THIS HANDFUL OF REAL POPPINS AND AIM AT HIS BIG FEET.



AH LOOK! HE IS SLIPPING... I'LL GET HIM. HE'S FALLING... IT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON TO STOP ALL THIS CHEATING!



MEANWHILE I THINK... I'LL TAKE THESE REAL POPPINS AND GIVE THEM TO THE KIDS... THEY DESERVE A TREAT.



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